CHINESE LEGENDS and LYRICS

BY
Dr. W. A. P. MARTIN
D.D., LL.D.

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CHINESE LEGENDS AND LYRICS

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"THE AWAKENING OF CHINA," ETC., ETC.

SECOND EDITION—MUCH ENLARGED

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Dedication

To
the Memory of my Wife
whose love made life a poem
and whose presence was
a constant inspiration

PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION

A NEW edition of this little book being called for, it is proper to state that some additions have been made to its contents.

My harp, long silent, was suddenly awakened on June 21st, 1905, by thoughts of home. Its first notes were those lines on "Telepathy."

In idle hours on my voyage I rendered the famous story of the Scarlet Thread, and since my return I have added many others, so that the number both of the Legends and Lyrics is more than doubled. Some of the former are accepted as history and they all go to prove that the Chinese are not the stolid, unimaginative people they are reputed to be. Their literature is rich in poetry of all kinds except the epic. Some of the lyrics in this volume have been cited as specimens of wit and fancy ; and one of them has been greeted as the discovery of a curious coincidence in ancient and modern literature. A few of my own effusions connected mostly with persons or places in China require no apology.

These poems have amused the author in the midst of serious labors. If they should deepen the interest of his readers in the Chinese people, they will have served a higher purpose than mere amusement.

W. A. P. MARTIN.

PEKING, *June 10th, 1911.*

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DR. MARTIN

1906

BOOK I.

LEGENDS OF THE GOLDEN AGE

I. The Secret of Government

NOTE.—*The first of these Legends is given in the National History by Sze Ma Chien, who is careful to gather only traditions that add to the glory of his people. The other two are taken from the first chapters of the Shuking, the Genesis of the ancient classics. To these traditions all reformers are wont to make appeal, and no one can deny that they offer a noble ideal unsurpassed by any nation on earth.*

This version, made at the request of Mrs. E. L. Johnson, will, I trust, attract other young students to the classic history of China.

AS sunrise gilds the wings of day,
So, in those times of old,
The early rulers of our race
Reigned in an age of gold.

The father of his people he
A model monarch, Yao.
His people's good, he made his own,
And shows the secret how.

He mingled with them in disguise,
Their daily wants to see.
He only sought their wrongs to right,
And gave them liberty.

Beneath the branches of a palm
He saw a festive throng;
Then quietly he joined a crowd
To listen to a song.

"I dig my well, and plow my ground,"
A grey-haired minstrel sang,
"For Kings and Court, what need have we?"
And loud the chorus rang.

"Shall I not punish this revolt?"
He said, as he withdrew,
"No, rather let them still forget,
That all to me is due."

"If they forget the air they breathe,
The azure dome on high,
May I, like heaven, still care for them,
A friend for ever nigh."

II. How to choose an Emperor

YAO TO HIS MINISTERS

FULL three-score years have run their
Since I took here my seat, [round
Soon must I quit this earthly scene—
My cycle is complete.

Think ye this teeming empire vast
A family affair?
To leave by hazard to a fool
For lack of worthy heir?

Among my people for an heir
Seek one of highest worth.
One by adversity made wise
Of high or humble birth.

If faithful found as citizen,
Let him come here to school,
And share with me my burdens grave,
And learn of me to rule.

THEIR REPORT

'Ere changing moon had waxed and waned,
Their quest was at an end.
They all unite without dissent,
Young Shun to recommend.

Not combat with ferocious beasts,
Nor enemies cast down,
Have qualified this peerless youth
To wear a kingly crown.

What harder task can be conceived,
Than wrong with patience borne?
A jarring home to reconcile
It's hearts by passion torn!

A father blind in heart and eye,
Dotes on a younger son,
Whose mother schemes him to advance,
And Shun to leave undone.

To heaven alone Shun makes complaint,
And strives their love to gain.
Their hatred overcome at last,
He did not strive in vain.

YAO'S PROPOSAL

As son and brother Shun could bring
A house to harmony,
There yet remains another test
That he my heir may be.

Two daughters fair I have at home,
Of maidenhood the flower,
Let your young hero wed them both,
Prepare the nuptial bower.

If here at court he's diligent,
And lives in peace at home,
The partner of my throne he'll be,
My heir in years to come.

III. Ta Yu and the Great Flood

As some long summer's day dies out
In flashing thunderclouds,
The sun of aged Yao went down
'Mid storms and raging floods.

The streams ran riot o'er the fields,
From sea barred out by sand.
Embosomed in a watery waste
The hills like islands stand.

There, clinging to their sides are seen,
Like ants—a famished brood—
Who helpless lift their eyes to heaven,
And cry aloud for food.

Seek out, said Shun, a trusty man,
The people work to find ;
To feed them by some useful toil,
With each a task assigned.

Then Kwen entrusted with the work,
Long time no headway made ;
Convicted too of gross neglect,
His life the forfeit paid.

"Find now," said Shun, "an able man
This monster load to bear,
If he by miracle succeed,
The Yellow Robe he'll wear."

A youth of portly mien they bring
To bow before the throne.
"He knows the ground," his sponsors say,
"The streams to him are known."

In hottest wrath opposers shout,
"This is the son of Kwen,
His sire has failed the work to do,
Why trust it to the son?"

"Not so," said Shun, "our laws inflict,
For parents' fault, no pain;
Nor does the fate of criminal
Entail a lasting stain."

"Let Yu his father's charge assume,
His father's sins atone.
Else let him know his father's fate
Will surely be his own."

Nine years he wrought with giant might,
Thrice passed his dwelling place,
But found no time his wife and child
To visit and embrace.

In seasons dry he channels dug
And high built up their banks.
From briny waves the land reclaimed,
He earned a nation's thanks.

When peace and plenty were restored
Shun set aside his son,
And to great Yu his throne bequeathed
As erst old Yao had done.

Pearl Grotto,
July 26th, 1910.

BOOK II.

LEGENDS FROM CLASSIC SOURCES

The Gem of Ho

PART I.

THE DISCOVERER'S ORDEAL

IN the days of yore, long, long ago,
Strong princes strove for the gem of Ho,
For a talisman it was deemed to be
That brought to a state prosperity.

By chance had a peasant the jewel found
While digging a well to water his ground,
Forthwith to his lord he tendered the prize,
And its lustre delighted the prince's eyes.

"If pure," said the prince, "your fortune is made,
With riches and fame and a Mandarin grade.
But to jewellers skilled it remains to decide,
And their faithful advice I take for my guide."

The stone they condemn, and to punish a cheat
Ho suffers the loss of one of his feet.
He next wends his way to a neighbouring state
But he fails there to find a more merciful fate.

As a manifest rogue he's expelled from the land,
And by cruel decree is deprived of a hand.
Yet Ho has the courage to try once more,
So the gem to another court he bore.

Blind fortune turns in his favor now,
The gem is accepted by the Prince of Chao.
The peasant Ho is a noble made
And appears at court in gold arrayed.

Not many peasants find gems or gold:
Not many so firm their convictions hold.
How happy, like Ho, when others condemn,
If we meet with a judge who approves the gem.

Pearl Grotto,
July 30th, 1910.

PART II.

THE BRAVE ENVOY

ON leadership bent the tyrant of Chin,
Offered fifteen cities the gem to win,
To the Court of Chin the gem was sent,
But the faithless Chin was on fraud intent.

The envoy brave refused to abate
A jot of the price or to longer wait.
So clutching the gem with might and main,
"Let us turn," he said, "to our home again."

"Our homeward course let us make with speed,
And woe to the man who shall dare to impede,
A name that shines bright in the light of the gem,
Is the envoy Lin, the bravest of men.

PEARL GROTTO,
August 2nd, 1910.

The Tyrant of Chin

PART I.

THE GREAT WALL

NOTE.—*Chin the First, who consolidated the Empire and gave name to China, though a great benefactor is execrated as a tyrant. The scene is the pass leading into Manchuria.*

'TWIXT the mountains here and yon eastern sea
Is the pivot of China's fate;
Whatever your haste, come, tether your steed
And listen to what I relate.

"'Neath this frowning wall lies a buried past
As bright as the noon-day of Greece,
Six warring states their arms lay down
And submit to the yoke of peace."

"In this isle is the last of his victims laid,
And the isle bears the tyrant's name,
And as long as the ages continue to roll
His glory's confronted with shame."

"A century later than Philip's son,
Who conquered the Asian west,
The Tyrant of Chin in the farther east
Had the rival powers suppressed."

"From the Adrian shore to the Persian Gulf
Not wider the Grecian sway,
A structure that crumbled in the builder's hand,
But Chin's endures to this day."

"For the staves of a cask use an iron hoop,
For rebellious states a chain;
While the wall stands firm,—a compacted frame
This dominion shall long remain."

"Not merely to shield us from foemen without
But to punish domestic foes,
My wall shall secure to millions of men
Long ages of calm repose."

"Thus silently mused the Tyrant of Chin,
Nor was his proud boasting all vain,
For the foes that he slew in building his wall
Were more than in battle he'd slain."

"A princely descendant of each fallen state
Was summoned to lead a corvée,
And the sun stood still their toil to prolong,—
So the ancient minstrels say."

"As diggers of earth and hewers of stone
Here were stationed ten thousand men
Whose fathers in battle the Tyrant withstood,
And their leader a prince of Yen."

"To hardship and grief the young leader succumbed,
His bones were entombed in the wall,
No casket allowed him his ashes to shrine,
No funeral pomp in his hall."

"His princess in vain for his body had sought,
But when the sad story she knew,
She refused to return to her desolate home;
Was ever devotion more true?"

"'Not long we'll be parted,' the princess exclaimed,
'My resting-place near thee shall be;'
This said, from the top of yon beetling cliff,
She threw herself into the sea."

"'Twas the first Hwang Ti that made China a state,
That wall has his monument been,
But those who the tomb of his victim behold
All curse the grim Tyrant of Chin."

*Lines by the Emperor Taokwang on passing the tomb of the princess in 1829.**

Thou model of devoted love
Laid here so long ago!
Thy sorrows have not ceased to move—
Nor pilgrims' tears to flow.

Beyond this fleeting mortal breath,
If spirit world there be,
In realms above the reach of death
Thy prince has welcomed thee.

御筆

當年抗節塞門風
悽慘孤芳付海東
一點靈犀通冥漠
想他好合兩心同

姜女祠疊舊作韻

道光九年己丑孟冬月

* See the original as engraved on a Monument.

PART II.

THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH

NOTE.—*The same motive that led Ponce de Leon to the discovery of Florida was invoked by Chin for his expedition to Japan, but with the latter it was a mere pretext.*

FROM a lofty tower the Tyrant of Chin
Looked out on the eastern sea,
When, struck by a thought, he at once started up
As awaked from a reverie.

His vizier he bid a council convene
In his tent on the top of the wall;
All wondered what scheme had come into his head,
As they met at their master's call.

"My lieges," he said, "Your assistance I need,
My labors are barely begun;
The kingdoms subdued, no faction I dread,
This wall defies Tartar and Hun."

THE GREAT WALL AT SHANHAIKWAN, NEAR THE SEA.

"Yea, tho' my success might envy excite,
Yet when I from earth pass away
The empire that I with such pains have set up
Will, I fear, fall into decay."

"Had I but a few years longer to reign
I'd make China a permanent state,
But, old as I am, that end to attain
Myself I must first renovate."

"In Nippon 'tis said there's a fountain of youth
Where the flowers of amaranth bloom,
Could I from that fountain obtain but a draught
It might keep me out of the tomb."

"Haste, rig up a fleet those seas to explore,
Not a soldier on board shall you take,
With the fruits of our land in bountiful store
A gainful exchange you may make."

So the fleet sailed away, not a soldier on board,
By maidens and boys it was manned,
To seek for the fountain of youth it went forth
And it carried the youth of the land.

Their teachers and books were not quite forgot,
But the yards with garlands were hung;
They looked like school children on holiday cruise,
With their flags to the breezes flung.

Away sailed the youth in gallant array,
But their homes they never saw more ;
At the eastern isles they in safety arrived,
And took root on a foreign shore.

The Tyrant of Chin though on conquest bent,
His spear-point with roses concealed,*
And to isles of the east by that youthful troop
He the letters of China revealed.

So Japan in our day, her debt to repay,
Has brought her the fountain of youth.
May China drink deep her youth to renew,
And be led in the pathway of truth!

*As Bacchus is said to have done in the fabled conquest of India.

BOOK III.

LEGENDS FROM CHINESE FOLKLORE

The Scarlet Thread

A LEGEND—FOUNDED ON FACT

NOTE.—*The 'facts' are these as recorded in the Annals of the Tang Dynasty. "In the reign of the Emperor Kaotsung there was a man of Lungmun, by name Jin Kwei. Being of humble family, he spent his youth in the labors of the field. His wife said to him.":—*

"'My lord, your talents are above those of common mortals. You need nothing but an occasion to display them. Now the Emperor is going to invade Liaotung, and is calling for men of courage. This is your chance. Why not seize it and win renown?'"

"Jin Kwei offered himself, was enrolled; and in order to attract attention he put on white raiment. Wherever he turned he drove back the foe—killing three of their leaders with three successive arrows; whereupon they broke and fled."

"Seeing this from a distance, the Emperor sent for the white-robed warrior; and bestowing silks and gold, men and horses, he exclaimed, 'I rejoice not so much that I have taken a city, as that I have found a man to lead my troops to victory.' He afterward employed him to conquer Corea and Mongolia."

That a great soldier should spring from a peasant's cottage, is sufficiently striking, but the farther fact that his pathway to glory was pointed out by his wife is still more fitted to fire the fancy of an oriental people.

Brought on the stage, the story was embellished by making his wife the daughter of a noble who, led by the charm of a scarlet thread, had linked her fortune with his; and the romance is crowned by making him succeed to the throne. This supreme distinction, Jin Kwei is not the first of his class to attain. Ancient history gives two other instances of peasants raised to the throne for their virtues; so that to place him upon this pinnacle required no great stretch of imagination in the poet or credulity in the audience. For eight centuries the story has kept its place on the boards, and to this day it continues to be a favorite subject of pictorial art.

PART I.

THE HEROINE

SANKU was her name and her age sixteen.
In feature an angel, in carriage a queen.
The brightest and youngest of sisters three
All fairy fair, the fairest was she.

To nests of their own her sisters had flown,
A mother's affection she never had known,
Her father, a noble, was kind but severe
And now she repines, forsaken and drear :

"Sole blossom that's left on our family tree,
Would'st like me to choose a companion for thee?"
Her father proposed in a jocular tone,
For he saw she was feeling so dreary and lone.

"Nay! choose not a partner for me," she said,
With a blush on her cheek and a toss of her head.
"No broker between—my own eyes must see—
A chattel in market I never will be."

"If under thy shelter I may not abide,
If duty compel me to part from thy side ;
My future, undoubting, I trust to my fate,
But ten years to come will not be too late."

"From my guardian Fay, I've a scarlet thread
That'll bring to my feet the man I'm to wed,
But I shudder to cast the fateful die,"
The maiden exclaimed with a tear and a sigh.

"Come cast it at once," her stern parent said,
"That a childish conceit may be out of your head."
O'er a sea of heads she projected the skein
Nor came it empty to her hand again.

For a manly form emerged from the crowd
And to father and daughter respectfully bowed.
A rustic he was, in a peasant's gown,
Yet kingly as if he were heir to a crown.

"As my destined bride this maid I demand
For the scarlet thread assures me her hand."
"Begone you rogue to your sheep and your swine
Nor venture to ask for a daughter of mine."

"Pray do not expel him," the maiden pled,
"For fortune hath bound us with a scarlet thread."
"You also may go," cried her angry sire,
"To follow the fortune to which you aspire."

So she followed her swain to his rustic town
And became the wife of a country clown.
She incense burned in his family shrine,*
For "fortune," she said, "hath decreed me thine."

* The Marriage always takes place at the house of the bridegroom. The shrine referred to is a temple to the ancestors of a clan.

PART II.

THE HERO

OF her rustic companion, the name was Akwei*
And to dignities high it betokened a way.
To happiness brought by the scarlet thread,
To fame he must still by the same be led.

"My lord," said his wife, "you are born to be great,
Why longer persist in this lowly estate?
You've an augury true in the sense of your name
And the scarlet thread will conduct you to fame."

"We've happiness found in this cottage of reeds:
But fame must be won by your valiant deeds.
Stead plowshare and sickle, be arrows and blade,
Let war be your field and battle your trade."

"For you," he rejoined, "to conquer a throne
Were motive far stronger then pride of my own,
But poor and unknown how find I a field
That to valor its merited laurels will yield?"

*Akwei "the Noble." The Chinese are fond of drawing omens from names.

Sanku made reply "'Tis newly decreed
His forces to war our monarch will lead.
Then haste to his palace ask helmet and shield,
He'll lead you be sure to a glorious field."

"Most potent of amulets, take this red skein,
Safe home to my side it will bring you again.
And for my good faith, if pledges be sought,
Take also this rose that my fingers have wrought."

The strong man obeyed and was duly enrolled,
But he felt himself lost amid numbers untold.
Soon met they the foeman in battle array
And the hearts of his comrades were filled with dismay.

To the crest of his helmet he pinned the white rose,
As forward he rushed in the face of his foes.
The skull of their leader he cleft at a blow
And two other chieftains his arrows laid low.

On seeing his prowess his fellows all shout;
Then following the rose put the foemen to rout.
"Call hither the wearer of the white rose crest."
Cried the Ruler Sublime, and at his behest,

Akwei was adorned with a helmet of gold
And appointed the leader of a cohort bold.
Fresh victories still his banners await
And he turns to his village a peer of the state.

Passing homes of the rich and cots of the poor,
He lights at a kiln with a mat for a door ;
There stands a fair lady her husband to greet,
And his laurels Akwei lays down at her feet.

As the seasons advance he wins triumphs in war,
While at court in ascendant continues his star.
As princess in waiting fair Sanku is known
And her husband Akwei is made heir to the
throne.

The Shepherd Boy and Weaver Girl *or* The Two Stars

PART I.

THE LOVERS ON EARTH

NOTE.—*The Hoangho or Yellow River, coming down from the Mountains of Thibet, is believed to be a continuation of Tienho, the River of Heaven, as the Milky Way is called by the Chinese.*

THEY lived on the border of the far North-west,
And a river rolled swiftly between,
On the south of the stream rose a rocky ridge,
To the north spread a pasture green.

'Neath a sheltering cliff sat a maiden fair
And her shuttle like lightning flew,
She was weaving silk, for her parents were poor,
And they needed her help she knew.

Oft over the stream to the pasture green
Her eyes would unconsciously stray,
And when in the night she rested from work
She looked up to the Milky Way.

"How dark and forbidding this river below,
How brightly it gleams overhead;
Those islands of light so alluringly shine,
Would I were among them," she said.

Her eyes like those islets so brilliantly shone
That the fire-flies flew to her face,
And if she by chance to the river bent down
The fishes came up to gaze.

On the opposite shore dwelt a shepherd boy
Who, like to the fishes and flies,
Was snared in the mesh of her silken web
And enchained by her shining eyes.

"Why brings he his cattle to water them here?
He has never done so before;
He's a handsome lad," she inaudibly said,
"But I wish he would come no more."

Yet, pleased with his homage, her kerchief she waved,
An innocent freak it would seem,
No thought of acquaintance came into her head,
For his home was beyond the stream.

But her gesture so simple encouraged the youth,
And he joyfully made reply;
Then for day after day, and from bank to bank,
Did their wingèd speeches fly.

Though a dark, jealous river between them flowed
Their daily communion was sweet,
And he gained her consent to cross over the stream
That under her roof they should meet.

Looking down to the river she saw him plunge in,
And he manfully stemmed the flood,
To meet the bold swimmer she hastily ran,
On a steep rocky bank she stood.

Far up and far down she scanned it in vain,
The whirlpools, they filled her with dread,
When just at her feet the brave swimmer came up,
But his body was cold and dead.

"My fate," she exclaimed, "be the same as thine own,
This kerchief of silk shall bind us,
Reposing together in the river's bed
Full soon shall our kindred find us."

They found them entwined with a silken scarf,
And in the same grave they laid them :
On their funeral day was their nuptial rite
And a wedded pair it made them.

PART II.

THE LOVERS IN HEAVEN

By some millions of tongues it was bruited abroad,
The tale of those lovers so true,
A nation deplored them and loudly it called
For a just retribution due.

Stern Yama was moved in his dark domain
By the maiden's self-sacrifice,
And that it should ne'er be forgotten or lost
He sent them both up to the skies.

Thus with Pluto of old when a brother besought
For a brother untimely slain,
And prayed that with him in the shades he might dwell,
His petition was not in vain ;

Both brothers together were raised to the skies ;*
Like favored were this loving pair.
To heaven they were raised, but on terms that were hard,
And your eyes may behold them there.

* Castor and Pollux, the Gemini.

For when in the skies their stations they take
Asunder they stand as of yore ;
They may wistfully look, and their beams they may blend,
But they may not remove from the shore.

Except that on one of those islands they meet,
Just once in the course of the year,
On their nuptial night they are sure to be seen,
And then they as one star appear.

On the seventh bright night of the seventh moon
All over this populous land,
With their faces upturned to the milky way,
The modest young damsels stand.

A needle they thread by the light of the moon
To gain skill in their daily task,
For a lover, like true, they secretly wish,
But it's cunning for which they ask.

If it rains on the morrow, as often it does,
They say she is left all alone,
The rain-drops are tears that the fair one has shed,
For her lover away has gone.

The boys to the shepherd their homage address,
For courage and luck is their prayer,
With a sentiment strong which no law can repress,
That the bravest deserves the fair.

"Leander and Hero all over again
A magnified picture," you say,
For the lovers at last are made stars in the sky
And between is the Milky Way.

Two classes who for ages in conflict had stood
Our history reconciles,
'Spite river and wall which appear to divide
They unite on the happy isles. *

* United under one sceptre.

The Goddess of Mercy
or the Two Images

TWO images adorn this mountain shrine,
Not marble chiselled out by Grecian art,
But carved from wood with Oriental skill.
In days of yore adored by pilgrim throngs,
They languish now without a worshipper.
High up a winding flight of stony steps
See Gautama upon his lotus throne!
More near the gate, her lovely face downcast,
Sits Mercy's Goddess, pity in her eye,
To greet the weary climbers and to hear
Their many-coloured tales of woe and want.
The Buddha, in sublime repose, sees not
His prostrate worshippers; and they to him
No prayer address, save hymns of grateful praise*
'Twas he who for a blinded world sought out
The secret of escape from misery;
The splendour of a royal court resigned,
He found in poverty a higher realm!

* Such as *Ommani padmi ham* (O, the jewel in the lotus).

Yet greater far the victory, when he broke
The chain of Fate and spurned the wheel of change.
To suffering humanity he says,
"Tread in my steps: You, too, may find release."
Like him, the Pusa* was of princely birth,
But not like him did she forsake a throne,
Nor yet like him did she consent to see
Nirvana's pearly gates behind her close.
A field for charity her regal state,
Her path with ever-blooming flowers she strewed,
Her sympathy to joy a relish gave,
To sorrows manifold it brought relief.
Forgetting self she lived for others' weal
Till higher than Meru her merit rose.†
At length a Voice celestial smote her ear:
"Nirvana's portal to thee open stands,
The crown of Buddhaship is thine by right.
No wave of care that shore can reach.
No cry of pain thine ear assail;
But fixed in solitary bliss thou'lt see
The circling ages rolling at thy feet!"
"Shall I then have no tidings of mankind?
Such heaven a throne of glittering ice would be.
That changeless bliss to others thou may'st give.

* Kwan Yin Pusa, the Goddess who hears prayer.
† Mt. Meru, the Indian Olympus.

Happiest am I th' unhappy to upraise.
Oh! for a thousand hands* the task to ply!
To succour and relieve be mine, she said,
Bought though it be by share of suffering.
Turn then the wheel†, and back to earth again."
From out the blue came down the Voice once more:
"Thy great refusal wins a higher prize;
A kingdom new thy charity hath gained.‡
And there shalt thou, the Queen of Mercy, reign,
Aloof from pain or weakness of thine own,
With quickened sense to hear and power to save."
Fair image thou! Almost I worship thee,
Frail shadow of a Christ that hears and feels!

* She is often so represented, as the symbol of a present Providence.

† The wheel of destiny, within which birth and death succeed without end or interval.

‡ She escapes the wheel, but remains on the border of Nirvana, where, as her name signifies, she "hears the prayers of men." Her attributes seem to be a reflection of the Virgin Mary.

詞 蘭 木

Mulan, The Maiden Chief

A CHINESE BALLAD OF THE LIANG DYNASTY

(502-556 A.D.)

NOTE.—*An officer being disabled, his daughter puts on his armour, and so disguised leads his troops to the conflict. The original is anonymous, and of uncertain date.*

SAY maiden at your spinning wheel,
Why heave that deep-drawn sigh?
Is't fear perchance or love you feel,
Pray tell—oh tell me why?

Nor fear nor love has moved my soul—
Away such idle thought!
A warrior's glory is the goal
By my ambition sought.

My Father's cherished life to save,
My country to redeem,
The dangers of the field I'll brave,—
I am not what I seem.

No son has he his troop to lead,
No brother dear have I,
So I must mount my Father's steed,
And to the battle hie.

At dawn of day she quits her door,
At evening rests her head
Where loud the mountain torrents roar,
And mail-clad soldiers tread.

The northern plains are gained at last,
The mountains sink from view,
The sun shines cold, and the wintry blast,
It pierces through and through.

A thousand foes around her fall,
And red blood stains the ground,
But Mulan who survives it all,
Returns with glory crowned.

Before the throne they bend the knee,
In the palace of Chang-an,
Full many a knight of high degree,
But the bravest is Mulan.

"Nay Prince," she cries, "my duty's done,
No guerdon I desire,
But let me to my home begone,
To cheer my aged sire."

She nears the door of her father's home,
A chief with trumpet's blare,
But when she doffs her waving plume,
She stands a maiden fair.

樓家望

Almanna

A LEGEND OF PEKING

NOTE.—*The Emperor K'ien-lung, it is said, having brought a Persian lady from his campaign in the West, erected for her the Home View Pavilion, where she had a Mohammedan Mosque before her eyes, and where she was permitted to receive the people of her own faith. The "Lily of Snow" is found in the heights of the T'ien Shan, on the margin of the melting snows.*

FROM wars in the West the Monarch returning,
His new-gotten treasures in triumph displayed ;
The fairest and brightest—'twas easy discerning,
Admitted by all—was Almanna the Maid.

Her eyes the soft lustre of day-break disclose ;
Her blush, it surpasses the peach blossom's glow ;
Her motions are grace, and grace her repose :
Her colour eclipses the "Lily of Snow."

Let dames die of envy, let monarch adore,
Yet in secret distress fair Almanna repines ;
The canker consuming the sweet flower's core,
Her sharp-sighted lover full quickly divines.

The glitter of images palls on her sight,
The din of idolatry deafens her ears,
No face of a kinsman to give her delight,
No altar of Allah to quiet her fears.

A lofty pavilion of splendor divine,
O'erlooking a mosque of the faithful, he makes ;
With garden and terrace of Persian design,
With fountains and streams and cool shady lakes.

Here, lovely Almanna, the pride of my eyes.
Here welcome thy kin, not again to depart ;
Be no more a stranger, here banish thy sighs,
For the shrine of thy God is the home of thy heart.

Almanna looks up with a joy-beaming face :
From that day and onward no creature so blest—
Restored to her God and restored to her race—
Is the lady Almanna, the Maid of the West.

聞奇鐘鑄

The Maiden's Voice

A LEGEND OF THE GREAT BELL OF PEKING

NOTE.—*This Bell, next to that of Moscow, is the largest that is suspended, weighing 139,000 lbs. It is covered, within and without, with an impression of one of the Buddhist Classics. Ta-chung-sze, the convent of the Great Bell, is on the North of the city, five miles from the Anting Gate.*

AS a bee builds up her waxen cell,
Was built the mould for the giant bell,
Printed and carved and polished well,
By a master's cunning hand.

Twice has he lost the toil of years,
And now he waits, with anxious fears,
The junction of propitious spheres,
To issue his last command.

A lovely maid sits by his side—
Her mother's joy, her father's pride—
One whom he hopes to see the bride
Of a noble's eldest son.

When on the crane the cauldron swings
Into its jaws the Maiden springs,
While back her little shoe she flings,
And the arduous task is done.

To save her father from failure's shame,
To win for her father a deathless name,
She drowns herself in that sea of flame,
But the bell her soul retains.

For now with the great bell's dulcet tone,
There mingles low a plaintive moan—
She calls for the slipper backward thrown:—
"*Wo-hie*"* her voice remains.

* *Wo-hie*, my shoe.

除夕異禮
The Midnight Offering

A TALE OF THE TARTAR WARS, RELATED BY A MANCHU OF THE IMPERIAL CLAN*

NOTE.—*On the last night of the year, the Emperor offers a sacrifice in one of his family temples on the East of the Canal, not far from the British Legation; and it is generally believed that this sacrifice is offered in whole or in part, to the manes of a Chinese General, who nearly three centuries ago opposed the advance of the Tartars.*

YOU ask me to tell why, in yonder halls,
The Lord of the Rivers and Hills†
There at midnight low on the pavement falls,
And an annual rite fulfils.

*Another version may be found among the Ballads of the late Mr. G. C. Stent. It is called *A Legend of Ta Ching*, and gives the story from the Chinese side.

†A title of the Emperor.

'Twas after the rise of our Manchu clan,
When our sires were roaming the plains,
This rite was ordained for a worthy man,
Whose honour unfading remains.

One morning our Founder, the brave Tai-tsu,
Was beat in a terrible fight;
His arrows were spent, his spear broke in two,
And safety lay only in flight.

The cloud of pursuers waxed thin and few,
As through the thick jungle he sped;
One warrior at last left alone to pursue,
And fleeter the fugitive fled.

All way-worn and weary but not in despair,
He sought in the jungle to hide;
Only hoping at best for a wild beast's lair,
When a vine-covered cavern he spied.

My lady! he cried to an agèd crone,
Whom at the cave's entrance he found,
Pray let me repose in your fortress of stone,
And spread me a mat on the ground.

Refreshment and shelter I will not withhold;
You've nothing to fear, said the dame,
For I have a son, who's a soldier bold;
In his need, I should wish him the same.

Just then the pursuer burst into the cave,
The flash of his falchion was seen;
But, thoughtful the life of her stranger to save,
The matron quick rushed in between.

Spare the life of my guest, and touch not a hair!
I received him for your sake alone!—
For your sake, my mother, the stranger I spare,
But you've bartered the life of your son.

For you have I broken my Chieftain's command,
My blood must atone for my guilt;
So saying, the blade that he held in his hand
He plunged in his heart to the hilt.

Farewell, Noble Soul! the brave Tai-tsu ex-
My Brother! Your Mother is mine. [claimed.
In ages to come, you'll with honour be named
And adored in our family shrine.

DR. MARTIN AND FRIENDS

蹟遺鮑管

The Two Friends

A CHINESE LEGEND

NOTE.—*In Chinese history no friends are so celebrated as Kwan-chung and Bao-shu. The former, eminent as a statesman and general, is known by the more musical name of Yi-wu. The latter was Jonathan, rich and prosperous; the other was David,—poor and pursued by enemies. The magnanimity of Bao-shu made the fortune of Kwan-chung. They lived circa 650 B.C.*

BAO-SHU and Yi-wu were the names of the
They lived long ago in Cathay. [two,
There never were two friends more faithful and
The proof is the theme of my lay. [true—

In a deep shady grove one evening they strolled,
Absorbed in communion sublime;
When lo! at their feet lay a nugget of gold,
As large as the fruit of a lime.

"The nugget is yours; come, pocket your prize,
For you saw it first," said Yi-wu,
"Not so," said the other, "for sharp are your eyes,
And I'm sure that you saw it too."

To friendly persuasion, as neither would yield,
Away through the forest they pass,
And reveal to a clown, coming home from his field,
What a treasure lay hid in the grass.

Not long was he gone when, returning again,
The steps of the friends to pursue;
In anger, he cried, a great serpent I've slain—
For that, I'm indebted to you.

Led back to the scene, with surprise they behold,
In the place where the serpent he slew,
Shining bright as before, the same nugget of gold,
But the peasant had cleft it in two.

Lest a covetous thought their true hearts should divide,
These friends could a treasure disdain;
And the Gods condescend their dispute to decide,
That their friendship eternal remain.

Monk and Monarch

A LEGEND OF WUTAI

NOTE.— *The Monks of this famous sanctuary have a tradition that Shunchi, who began his reign as an infant, was compelled to abdicate and retire to a monastery.*

Other monasteries claim the honor of having sheltered the Imperial mendicant. The Chinese text, obtained from an old monk, is reputed to be from the pen of the fallen Emperor.

IN visions of my sleeping hours,
In waking dreams by day,
A scene still haunts my fevered brain,
That naught can drive away.

Enveloped close in cloth of gold,
Hard by the throne of state
A coffin stands, and I must choose
To die or abdicate.

A funeral pageant followed soon,
And I was reckoned dead ;
While in monastic robes disguised,
I to these mountains fled.

Now happier far than e'er I was,
When seated on a Throne,
I would not strip this cassock off
The crown to call my own.

Here, living in a holy calm,
To all the world I'm dead.
Nor violence nor treason foul,
Have I a cause to dread.

With brother monks I welcome find,
And far from earthly show,
From false display and idle pomp—
I learn myself to know.

If I Nirvana to secure
Like Foh a throne resign,
And if Nirvana here I find,
Why should I still repine ?

Pearl Grotto,
July 28th, 1910.

BOOK IV.

CHINESE LYRICS FROM CLASSICAL SOURCES

Lines Inscribed on a Fan

NOTE.—*Written by Pan Tsieh Yu, a Lady of the Court, and presented to the Emperor Chêng Ti of the Han Dynasty, 18 B.C. This plaintive little song has been set to music by Mrs. A. E. Pirkis, and the music published in London and New York.*

OF fresh new silk all snowy white,
And round as harvest moon ;
A pledge of purity and love,
A small, but welcome boon.

While summer lasts, borne in the hand,
Or folded on the breast ;
'Twill gently soothe thy burning brow,
And charm thee to thy rest.

But ah ! when autumn frosts descend,
And winter winds blow cold,
No longer sought, no longer loved,
'Twill lie in dust and mould.

This silken fan then deign accept,
Sad emblem of my lot ;
Caressed and fondled for an hour,
Then speedily forgot.

LOTUS POND AT ONE OF THE LOWER TEMPLES

世祖章皇帝詩

天下叢林似飯山鉢盂到處任君餐黃金白玉非爲貴惟有袈裟最難脫爲大地山河主憂國憂民事轉煩百年三萬六千日不及僧家半日閒來時糊塗去時迷空在人間走一回未曾生我誰生我生我之時我是誰長大成人乃是我合眼矇矓又是誰不如不來也不去來時苦惱去時悲悲歡離合多勞碌何日清閒誰得知世間難比出家者無牽無挂得安宜口中食得清和味身上常穿百衲衣五湖四海爲上客逍遙殿宇任僧嬉莫道僧家容易得皆因屢世種菩提雖然不是眞羅漢也搭如來三尺衣兎走烏飛東復西爲人切莫用心機百年世事三更夢百里山河一局棋禹闢九州湯放桀秦吞六國漢登基古來多少英雄輩南北山頭臥土泥黃袍換作紫袈裟只爲當年一念差我本西方一衲子於今流落帝王家十八年來不自由征南戰北幾時休吾今撒手歸西去那管千愁與萬愁

順治十八年

別長詞

Su Wu to his Wife

ON SETTING OUT ON HIS EMBASSY TO THE COURT OF THE GRAND KHAN OF TARTARY, 100 B.C.

NOTE.—*This little Ode appears to have suggested to Li Tai Po some touching lines, addressed by a wife to her husband who had gone to the wars; as also to Commissioner Lin, the verses addressed to his wife on going into banishment. The former are given in the sequel; the latter may be found in the Chinese Repository.*

TWIN trees whose boughs together twine,
Two birds that guard one nest,
We'll soon be far asunder torn,
As sunrise from the West.

Hearts knit in childhood's innocence,
Long bound in Hymen's ties;
One goes to distant battle-fields,
One sits at home and sighs.

Like carrier bird, though seas divide,
I'll seek my lonely mate ;
But if afar I find a grave,
You'll mourn my hapless fate.

To us the future's all unknown,
In memory seek relief ;
Come, touch the chords you know so well,
And let them soothe our grief.

A Soldier's Wife to her Husband

FROM THE CHINESE OF LI PO, 720 A.D.

NOTE.—*Li Tai Po is without doubt the greatest of Chinese lyric poets. An emperor said of him that—"A god had become incarnate in his person; and during eleven centuries no one has risen to dispute with him the title of* 謫仙." *This little piece is characterized by simplicity of expression and naturalness of sentiment, rather than by strength and elevation.*

'TWAS many a year ago,
How I recall the day!
When you, my own true love,
Came first with me to play.

A little child was I,
My head a mass of curls;
I gathered daisies sweet,
Along with other girls.

You rode a bamboo horse,
And deemed yourself a knight,
With paper helm and shield
And wooden sword bedight.

Thus we together grew,
And we together played—
Yourself a giddy boy,
And I a thoughtless maid.

At fourteen I was wed ;
And if one called my name,
As quick as lightning flash,
The crimson blushes came.

'Twas not till we had passed
A year of married life
My heart was knit to yours
In joy to be your wife.

Another year, alas !
And you had joined your chief ;
While I was left at home,
In solitary grief.

When victory crowns your arms,
And I your triumph learn,
What bliss for me to fly
To welcome your return !

酌獨下月

On Drinking Alone by Moonlight

A CHINESE ANACREONTIC

NOTE.—*This is an attempt to render the best known Ode of Li Tai Po, China's favorite Bard. He is not less famed as a bacchanal than as a poet, and tradition says that he met his death while in a state of intoxication, by plunging into a river to grasp the shadow of the Moon.*

HERE are flowers and here is wine,
But where's a friend with me to join,
Hand to hand and heart to heart,
In one full cup before we part?

Rather than to drink alone,
I'll make bold to ask the Moon
To condescend to lend her face,
The hour and the scene to grace.

Lo ! she answers, and she brings
My shadow on her silver wings ;
That makes three, and we shall be,
I ween, a merry company.

The modest Moon declines the cup,
But shadow promptly takes it up ;
And when I dance, my shadow fleet,
Keeps measure with my flying feet.

Yet though the Moon declines to tipple,
She dances in yon shining ripple ;
And when I sing my festive song
The echoes of the Moon prolong.*

Say, when shall we next meet together ?
Surely not in cloudy weather ;
For you, my boon companions dear,
Come only when the sky is clear.†

* The Poet fancies that the echo comes from the Moon.
† A common trait of boon companions.

Troubles of a Traveller

BY

LI TAI PO [TRANSLATED FOR DR. GEIL]

AT meat I sat in lordly hall,
A weary hungry guest,
When forced to drop my cup and dish
And miss my needed rest.

With sword and shield, for anxious hours
I paced the rampart high,
And strained my eyes on everyside
A lurking foe to spy.

To reach the river's bank I push,
The boat beyond is seen,
Yet must I camp and wait a week
With floating ice between.

Olympus' peak I strive to scale
To scan the world's wide face,
But blinding snow blots out the view
And back my steps I trace.

Like princely fisherman of yore,
Beside a babbling brook,
I sat upon a mossy bank
And watched my baited hook.

Then suddenly a favoring breeze
Called me to spread my sail,
To try again the treacherous seas
And tempt a furious gale.

How oft in danger and despair
Do hapless travellers roam!
By land or sea alike unsafe,
Why don't I stay at home?

堂在蟋蟀

Adieu to the Year

A TEMPERANCE SONG OF THE OLD WORLD

From the Book of Odes, 500 B.C.

THE voice of the cricket is heard in the hall,
The leaves of the forest are withered and sere;
My spirits, they droop at those chirruping notes
So thoughtlessly sounding the knell of the year.

Yet why should we sigh at the change of a date,
When life's flowing on in a full steady tide;
Come, let us be merry with those that we love,
For pleasure in measure there's no one to chide.*

* The 'temperance' comes in here, but it is not total abstinence. Chinese commentators regard the caution against excess as a leading feature of this poem.

餘有下比，足不上比

A Cure for Discontent

FROM THE CHINESE

ONCE o'er a burning plain I rode ;
A stubborn donkey I bestrode,
And vainly strove his steps to goad.

As on I crept with snail-like pace,
A cloud of dust rose in my face,
And pride sank down in deep disgrace.

For past me swift a horseman sped,
With nodding plumes upon his head—
"How wretched is my lot!" I said.

Then suddenly I overtook
A footman with contented look,
Who pushed a load and read a book.

"Thanks," thought I, "to this sullen brute,
I'm not compelled to trudge on foot,
And push a barrow-load to boot."

Since then, this simple little verse
To cure complaint I oft rehearse—
"Though some be better, more are worse."

賦 鳥 鵩

A Chinese "Raven"

THE FU-NIAO, OR BIRD OF FATE.

From the Chinese of Kia Yi, 200 B.C.

'TWAS in the month of chill November,
As I can very well remember—
In dismal, gloomy, crumbling halls,
Betwixt moss-covered, reeking walls,
An exiled poet lay—

On his bed of straw reclining,
Half despairing, half repining;
When athwart the window sill
Flew in a bird of omen ill,
And seemed inclined to stay.

To my book of occult learning,
Suddenly I thought of turning,
All the mystery to know,
Of that shameless owl or crow,
That would not go away.

"Wherever such a bird shall enter,
'Tis sure some power above has sent her
(So said the mystic book) to show
The human dweller forth must go,"—
But *where* it did not say.

Then anxiously the bird addressing,
And my ignorance confessing,
"Gentle bird, in mercy deign
The will of Fate to me explain,—
Where *is* my future way?"

It raised its head as if 'twere seeking
To answer me by simply speaking,
Then folded up its sable wing,
Nor did it utter anything,
But breathed a "Well-a-day!"

More eloquent than any diction,
That simple sigh produced conviction,
Furnishing to me the key
Of the awful mystery
That on my spirit lay.

"Fortune's wheel is ever turning,
To human eye there's no discerning
Weal or woe in any state;
Wisdom is to bide your fate;"—
This is what it seemed to say
By that simple "Well-a-day."

POSTSCRIPT.

It is probable that most readers of the foregoing lines will be reminded of the incident which forms the subject of Poe's celebrated poem *The Raven.*

The analogy of the two poems extends even to secondary circumstances, such as—

1.—The poet's state of mental depression, bordering on despair.
2.—His resort to books for relief before or after the appearance of the unwelcome visitor.
3.—The insolent familiarity of the intruder.
4.—The recognition of the bird as boding evil.
5.—A direct appeal to the bird for an explanation of the mystery.
6.—The bird's reply in one melancholy ejaculation.
7.—Finally, not further to press the parallel, the interpretation of that response by each poet to suit his own case.

If the Chinese poem were sufficiently recent—instead of being two thousand years old, or if Poe could have had a knowledge of its existence, which he assuredly had not—would not these numerous points of coincidence justify a suspicion of plagiarism, or at least of imitation on one part or the other?

As to the English dress in which the Chinese author appears, such a suspicion might be better founded; for, although I conscientiously abstained from referring to Poe while composing this version, and though I had not read *The Raven* for months, perhaps years, still some lingering echoes would naturally be recalled by similarity of subject. The imitation, if any, has been unconscious.

Whether, in the process of versification, the argument of the Chinese author has not been altered by some such unconscious influence, is a question of graver import. That it has not, will be made apparent to readers of Chinese by a glance at the original, hereto appended.

For the satisfaction of others, I give the following prose version, which is as literal as may be consistent with clearness.

AUTHOR'S NOTE.

For three years I was tutor to the Prince of Chang-sha. One day a *fu-niao* flew into my room and perched in the corner where I had my seat. It resembled an owl and was evidently a bird of ill omen.

As I had been condemned to live in honourable exile at Chang-sha, where the ground is low and damp, I was much troubled by this apparition, thinking that I had not long to live.

I accordingly sought relief for my feelings by composing the following lines.

POEM.

One day, when the sun was declining, a *fu-niao* flew into my room, and, perching in the corner where I was wont to sit, appeared to feel quite at home.

This strange uncanny thing coming to associate with me I wondered what might be the reason.

Opening a book to seek a solution of the mystery, the oracle responded—*When a wild bird enters a dwelling, it portends that the human occupant must go forth.*

I ventured then to interrogate the bird itself :—

"If I am to go forth, pray tell me whither. If to better fortune, announce it to me; if to deeper calamity, make known the worst and shorten my suspense."

The bird raised its head and flapped its wings; its mouth could not articulate a word, but it heaved a sigh, and I ventured to interpret its meaning :—

"All things," it seemed to say, "are revolving in a whirlpool of change. They go and return, but their transformations no words can express. Good often springs from ill; and evil lurks in the midst of good. Joy and sorrow meet at the same gate; woe and weal together dwell."

The author goes on to give illustrations from history, which I omit, as they add nothing to the force of the poem.

Though no mean poet, Kia Yi was more eminent as a statesman. He had, previously to his exile, filled the post of prime minister; and his treatise on the *Art of Government* 治安策 continues to be studied at the present day.

鵩鳥賦

賈誼

單閼之歲兮四月孟夏庚子日斜兮鵩集予舍止於坐隅兮貌甚閒暇異物來萃兮私怪其故發書占之兮讖言其度曰野鳥入室兮主人將去請問於鵩兮予去何之吉乎告我凶言其災淹速之度兮語予其期鵩廼歎息舉首奮翼口不能言請對以臆萬物變化兮固無休息斡流而遷兮或推而還形氣轉續兮變化而嬗沕穆無窮兮胡可勝言禍兮福所倚福兮禍所伏憂喜聚門兮吉凶同域云云

Baby's Welcome

FROM THE BOOK OF ODES

A GIRL is born in coarse cloth wound,
With a tile for a toy, let her lie on the ground.
In her bread and her beer be her praise or her blame
And let her not sully her parents' good name.

Her brother is wrapped in purple and red
And laid to rest in a lordly bed.
Apparel bright and jewels bring
For the noble boy who shall serve the King.

載 載 載 乃　載 載 載 乃
弄 衣 寢 生　弄 衣 寢 生
之 之 之 女　之 之 之 男
瓦 裼 地 子　璋 裳 牀 子

P.S.—The classic author was struck with this social contrast three thousand years ago; but his satire was powerless to produce any amelioration.

The Adept

FROM THE CHINESE

NOTE.—*This gives a concise view of the craze which seized on Chinese alchemists two thousand years ago, of which the search for the elixir of life and the philosopher's stone in Europe was a mere echo.*

A PRINCE the draught immortal went to seek;
And, finding it, he soared above the spheres.
In mountain caverns he had dwelt a week;
Of earthly time it was a thousand years.

王子去求仙
丹成昇九天
洞中方七日
世間已千年

The White Monitor

FROM THE BOOK OF ODES, 500 B.C.

A SPECK upon your ivory fan
You soon may wipe away ;
But stains upon the heart or tongue
Remain, alas, for aye.

白圭之玷
尚可磨也
斯言之玷
不可爲也

To a Water Lily

FROM THE CHINESE

ON crystal throne arrayed in robes of green,
Of these, wide watery realms unquestioned Queen,
Majestic Flower, without the gift of speech,
Dost thou not many a moral lesson teach?

To clothe thee with such charms almost divine,
When heaven and earth their elements combine,
Endowed with beauty and substantial worth,
How canst thou be ashamed of humble birth?

Tho' sprung from hidden beds of miry clay,
Hast thou not struggled upward to the day?
From thy low origin thou hast no stain;
With head erect be justly proud—not vain.

Embodiment of dignity thou art ;
Thy lake defends thee and thou dwell'st apart ;
Admiring eyes respectful homage pay ;
But rude familiarity is kept at bay.

Thy root, a rival to the honeycomb ;
Thy pearly seed, a luscious sugar plum ;
Grace and utility combine in thee ;
Let this to us, thy crowning lesson be.

A Wife the Best Friend

NOTE.—*These lines deserve to be preserved for the rarity of the sentiment, if for no other reason. So rare is it in China that their author has chosen to conceal his name.*

FOR friendship's joys I need not far to roam,
When all I wish of them I find at home.
With thee absorbed in conversation high,
I envy not the dwellers in the sky.

出門交寡
入門求居
晤語然
近上流

BOOK V.

MISCELLANEOUS

御筆詩

Ode To Pearl Grotto

BY THE EMPEROR KIEN-LUNG.

NOTE.—*The verses of which the following lines are a pretty free version were composed by the Emperor Kien-lung to commemorate a visit to this Mountain Shrine in 1748. They are engraved in Imperial autograph on the face of a rock near the entrance of the temple.*

WHY have I scaled this misty height,
Why sought this mountain den?
I tread as on enchanted ground,
Unlike the abode of men.

EMPEROR'S POEM AT PEARL GROTTO

Weird voices in the trees I hear,
Weird visions see in air ;
The whispering pines are living harps,
And fairy hands are there.

Beneath my feet my realm I see,
As in a map unrolled ;
Above my head a canopy,
Bedecked with clouds of gold.

洞 珠 寶

Adieu to Pearl Grotto when going on Furlough

NOTE.—*The temple that bears this name is the highest of the Eight Great Places, and stands on a hill overlooking the plain in which Peking is situated. The writer of these lines has for many years found in it a grateful shelter from the heat and dust of the Capital.*

SWEET refuge from the summer heat,
My country home, thou mountain grot,
The empire holds no place so sweet—
Here toil and care are both forgot.

On yonder rock a monarch great*
Extols thy scenery sublime ;
And poets of a humbler state
Scrawl here and there their homely rhyme.

* A poem by the Emperor Kien-lung, a version of which precedes this.

TEMPLE AT PEARL GROTTO

"I lift my hand," says one, "and graze*
Apollo's crown of golden light;
Downward I cast my eyes and gaze
On eagles in their airy flight."

"Yon boundless plain," a second says,†
"With countless peaks on either hand,
The vastness of the globe displays,
And with the view my thoughts expand."

"My panting steed," another writes,‡
"Has brought me to this mountain shrine,
And while I tread these dizzy heights,
A thousand worlds above me shine."

舉*手拂紅日
低頭數飛鳥

千†峯環眼立
大地宕心胸

得‡得乘驢上翠微
一鞭遙指日斜暉
大千世界寬無限
亦在遊人看四圍

The glittering roofs of Cambalu,*
Encompassed by its massive walls,
To me arrest the roving view—
I stoop to count its palace halls.

There, on the bosom of the plain,†
Gleams like a gem an azure lake ;
While silvery lines show rivers twain,‡
That devious courses seaward take.

What wonder that in such a spot
The view should poetry inspire,
When passing clouds around this grot
Tip all these flinty rocks with fire ! ‖

With joy I've always turned to thee ;
I quit thee now with inward pain.
Who knows what lot betideth me,
Ere I behold thy gates again !

* A name of Peking, found in Marco Polo.

† The Kwen-ming Lake, near the Summer Palace.

‡ The Pei-ho to the east and the Hwen-ho to the west of the Capital.

‖ St. Elmo's fire.

現出龍白

The White Dragon

A LEGEND OF THE FUTURE

RIGHT up the hill at close of day,*
I, weary, picked my doubtful way,
And on a stone to rest I lay.

On rising, at my feet I view
An object strange in shape and hue—
A serpent, crowned with white and blue.

To cautious touch of alpenstock,
It answered with a hissing mock,
Then slowly glided down the rock.

Bold Ajax, in his dreadful fight,
Asked nothing but a ray of light—
Not having that, I took to flight.

*I was climbing up to Pearl Grotto, in the summer of 1889.

For e'en St. George might miss his mark,
If fighting dragons in the dark,
Or Tam be chased by Cutty Sark.

Soon on my scalp a cooling wind
Brought all at once the fact to mind
That my old hat was left behind,

The sequel's sooner done than said—
Returning to my stony bed,
I found it on the dragon's head.*

*In simple prose, I found it on a stone, to which it had rolled on being touched. The rest is all fact. When first published these lines were honored by two parodies,—both assuming that the Author was "in liquor," which however *was not a fact.*

Ode to the Buddhist Convent of Chang-an

FROM A CHINESE INSCRIPTION

NOTE.—*This is the first of the Eight Great Places which give name to the valley of Pa-ta-chu. On the slope of the Western Hills and overlooking the plain in which the Capital is situated, these temples afford the Foreign colony of Peking a welcome shelter from the heat of summer. The name Chang-an signifies Long Repose.*

THY purling streams are crystal clear ;
Thy hills of emerald green ;
And from this charming belvedere,
Unfolds a fairy scene.

O ! who can to thy altars come,
Thou House of Long Repose,
And not forget his earthly home,
With all its joys and woes.

Here cloistered in this mountain vale,
As in another sphere,
Of peace or war they hear no tale,
Nor mark the passing year.

When bells are chimed and prayers are said,
They sit in silent thought;
How few like them a life have led
That fears and wishes nought!

Song of the We We.

NOTE.—MY DEAR MRS. S.—*This morning my wife asked me to write something about the We We.* She of course must be in it; but the presence of our children is (alas!) a fiction. Yours are happily with you, and this little song may serve to amuse them.*

ON the top of a hill, in the top of a tree,†
We're living our life so merrily,
My wife and I and our children three,
We! We! We! We!

A camp of soldiers below us we see,
And farther away is the great citie;
But for cities and soldiers what care we?
We! We! We! We!

We sing all the day in the highest of glee,
And flit all about from tree to tree,
My wife and I and our children three,
We! We! We! We!

* A kind of Cicada that abounds in the Western Hills, and cries "*We We*" all day long.

† At Pearl Grotto.

Telepathy

ON THINKING OF HOME

WHAT makes this hard, unyielding steel,
So prompt to move, so quick to feel?
It's felt the touch of magic stone,
Imparting virtue like its own,
To guide our ship from zone to zone,

What makes yon wild electric flame
To human will submissive, tame;
It seeks o'er sea and land a pole;
Though clouds may lower and billows roll,
Unerring speeds it to its goal.

Thus heart with loving heart can meet,
Sans spoken word or written sheet,
A thought through quivering ether flies
To find a heart 'neath other skies,
That to its throbbing pulse replies.

A Firefly Frolic

WHEN weary men from labour pause,
When setting sun his face withdraws,
This grove to life awakes.
An elfin troop comes on the scene
With cricket choir behind the screen
And prompt possession takes.

Is this that ancient Grecian game,
Where runners pass a lambent flame
From each to other's hand?
With them these elves appear to vie
Exchanging flashes as they fly,
Like flash of burning brand.

Sparks shaken from the wings of night,
Each dancer shows a glowing light,
And all their lights combine
To form a mimic meteor shower—
For bright as lamps in nuptial bower
Their fairy flambeaux shine.

All wheeling, reeling, high or low,
Still brightly shining as they go,
    You'd think the woods aflame.
But they no conflagration fear—
Not fire to burn but light to cheer,
    The torch that guides their game.

When creeping things take wing and fly,
With blazing train athwart the sky;
    To what may we aspire?
The deathless psyche hid in man,
May yet, in God's expanding plan,
    Evolve a seraph's fire.

P.S.—These lines express thoughts that rose in my mind as I sat on the hillside and witnessed this display of insect pyrotechny.

Seraph signifies "to burn," but in the visions of the Hebrew prophets the word is used figuratively for an order of angels robed in light.

A Baby's Laugh *

THOU merry little laughing sprite,
All bubbling over with delight,
How sunny is thy smile!
Thy laugh the music of a brook
Whose sparkling ripples skyward look,
So pure from stain or guile.

Thine eyes are drops of morning dew,
Reflecting back the distant blue,
With scarce a tinge of earth.
Was't memory of thy native skies,
Or babies in thy mother's eyes
That moved thine infant mirth?

To bird or beast alike unknown,
The power to laugh is all our own—
A heritage divine.
God grant that if thy coming years
Be not exempt from human tears,
His smile may through them shine.

* On hearing Rita McCoy, four months' old, laugh while looking into her mother's face.

Those Marriage Bells

TO MR. AND MRS. A. M. CUNNINGHAM ON THEIR SIXTEENTH ANNIVERSARY.

THOSE marriage bells, those marriage bells,
How with the years their music swells
With joy and sorrow blent!

God's love, your love hath richly blest,
But not with birdlings in your nest,
Though one a while was lent.

To Washington, that he might be
To us a *pater patriae*,
God gave no son or heir.

Thus church and school have found in you
A father wise, a mother true,
And you find children there.

The Twin Flags

ON SEEING THEM JOINED IN A DECORATION.

TO sun and stars divided sway,
Remote but kindred suns are they,
In friendly concord here they twine
To form a new celestial sign.

Thou Orient Sun still higher rise
To fill with light the eastern skies,
And you, ye Stars and Stripes unfurled,
Shed glory on the western world.

Our starry flag first woke the dawn
In the Empire of the Rising Sun.
May no ill chance e'er break the tie,
And so we shout our loud *banzai*.

To My Birds

NOTE.—*At Pearl Grotto, near the hill-top, I sleep in a high chamber open to the roof. This summer a pair of swallows shared it with me. They grew tame and I was never tired of their company.*

MY bright-eyed feathered friends, to-day
Come you to bid adieu,
Ere taking wing for parts unknown,
Kind wishes go with you.

'Twas scarce three months ago, you came,
A newly-wedded pair,
And peeped into my bedroom high
And begged a shelter there.

In nest built with consummate art,
Beyond the reach of harm,
You laid your eggs, and there by turns
You sat to keep them warm.

It thrilled your little hearts one morn,
To see your baby brood.
How swift was your response to them
In bringing them their food?

There came to you a higher task—
To teach the timid things
A viewless atmosphere to trust,
And learn to use their wings.

You taught them first indoors to flit
About with much ado,
Until at length with daring flight
From tree to tree they flew.

Sweet picture of parental love,
Too oft by us forgot,
But, how your children's children fare,
To you it matters not.

Song of the Tea-kettle

SIMMER, simmer, all day long:
Cheerful kettle sing your song,
Make it heard in every tongue,
Thou fragrant leaf all hail.

Here in the native land of tea,
You offer from suspicion free,
A cordial hospitality,
Your bounties never fail.

E'en water drawn from tainted stream,
When passed thro' fire and turned to steam,
Transformed and innocent we deem,
No lurking germ we dread.

Safer far than sparkling wine,
Pressed from French or Spanish vine,
You harbor not a spark malign,
To turn the unwary head.

No need to drink as if by stealth,
This simple beverage of health,
A boon to poverty and wealth,
Which human life prolongs.

Then simmer, simmer, soothing sound,
Let it roll the world around,
And tea be drunk where men are found,
To listen to your songs.

Ode To Seattle

FROM her seat on the sea
Seattle surveys
A pelago studded
With islands and bays.

In terrace on terrace
Rises up the fair town;
And she looks from a high
Amphitheatre down.

What music she makes
A new comer to greet!
It's the hum of her wires
And the roar of her street.

See, too, a white angel
Her sentinel stand
With one foot on sea
And one on the land.*

* Mount Rainier.

A queen on her throne
Her glories to crown,
Volcanoes are yoked
And lightnings come down.

All climates their products
Pour out at her feet,
All nations and marts
For her favor compete.

A Hymn to the Chuzengi Waterfall

[FROM THE CHINESE OF CHOGEN—
A JAPANESE POET]

NOTE.—*I first became acquainted with this beautiful poem by reading it on the monolith overlooking the cataract. On mentioning it to the Rev. Dr. Knox of Tokio (now Professor in Union Theological Seminary, New York) he kindly procured for me a rubbing, from which this translation is made. The author is a man of genius, well known in Japan. The poem is in excellent Chinese.*

OF all under heaven the Nikko mountains
take the lead in scenery,
And of all their scenery the crown is the
Kegonotaki Waterfall.
How great is the true God who created these
cliffs and chasms,
And between the two made a place for this
great lake!

The lake has a gap in one corner, like the fabled gap in the corner of the sky;
Through this the water rushes with violence, takes wings and flies,
And the cataract hangs suspended.
At the first plunge it leaps a thousand yards, and then leaps ten thousand more.
Its angry roaring shakes the earth, and thunders echo from the sky.
Is it water or not water, snow or not snow,
Which in wild cofnusion scatters these pearly gems?
Struck by a gust from the foot of the fall,
They dissolve into smoke in the slanting sunbeams that peep over the mountain tops.
The beholder's eye is dazzled with rainbow hues, and his ear deafened by the thundering roar.
It chills the stoutest heart.
Its strength is like that of Mêng K'o, whose spirit blended heaven and earth.
Its rapidity is like that of Hiang Yü
Who in the battle of Chü-lu slew men and horses ten thousand thousand.
Of a truth the universe has no finer spectacle.

Alas! that the poet who descended from another
sphere is no more,
And that there is none to inherit his genius! *
How can I, with unblushing face, dare to
indite these verses?
I have heard that of the books of Buddha the
Kegono is the most esteemed; †
Its name is not unfittingly bestowed on this
wondrous Waterfall.

NOTE BY THE AUTHOR

This Kegonotaki Waterfall has long been famed, but recently the Brotherhood of Heart-Sincerity have proposed to set up a monument on its brink. I accordingly offer them this Inscription.

(*Signed*) Chogen.

11th year of Meiji (*1878*).

* Li Tai-po, described as a "banished angel."
† The Huayenking.

The Cycle of Change

A HYMN TO THE RIVER DAYA

NOTE.—*In arranging the contents of this little volume, it was my intention not to allow any of my own original compositions to appear in it. I have, for special reasons, relaxed this rule in favor of a few pieces, which may possess a local interest.*

On July 5th, 1890, my wife and I made an excursion to Yumoto from Chuzengi, where we were staying; and, in the evening of the same day, after a walk of fourteen miles, I wrote this Hymn to the River Daya.

The view of the foaming torrent rising in the higher mountains, pausing for a brief moment in the beautiful lake of Yumoto and the larger lake of Chuzengi, then plunging over a succession of cataracts before losing itself in the ocean, suggested the train of thought, and the words came unsought.

LITTLE river! little river!
Why forsake your mountain home,
Like an arrow from a quiver,
Flashing by in froth and foam?

Downward dashing, plunging, leaping,
Is it rest that you pursue ?
Is it in yon lake that, sleeping,
Calmly seems to wait for you ?

In that lake you may not tarry—
Brief the pause allowed you there ;
Soon you'll leave with all you carry,
Rushing on your mad career.

A larger lakelet next receives you ;
Longer respite it bestows ;
Its seeming calm again deceives you—
Respite only, not repose.

Will you seek it in the ocean,
Mingling with its boundless blue ?
Speedily dismiss the notion
That the sea has rest for you.

With its restless billows blending,
Tempest-tossed and turned to rain,
On some mountain top descending,
You'll begin your course again.

While my spark continues burning,
I, like you, my race must run—
The wheel of change forever turning—
Nowhere rest beneath the sun !

To a Gifted Lady

ON HER BIRTHDAY

NOTE.—*For many years her voice charmed the gay circles of Peking. To music she added drawing as a diversion and attained considerable skill in both oil painting and water colors. She sent some clever verses on a "London fog" to my sainted Wife only recently,—alas! it was more than a year ago! In this, as in the other accomplishments, may she not be called the modern Delaunay?*

ON a sunny April day,
In a land far away,
A child in its cradle lay—
Then came a fairy band.

One touched the infant's eye,
Giving power to descry
Fair scenes in earth and sky,
And placed a pencil in her hand.

Another touched her ears
So deftly that she hears
The music of the spheres,
And dropped honey on her tongue.

And every fairy of the train
Aspired to be *marraine*,*
To shield from harm and pain
The favored artist young.

* The Fairy godmother, in *Contes de Fées.*

To a Little Girl

ON HER 2ND BIRTHDAY—SHE BEING EIGHT YEARS OLD.

YOU'RE a fast young lady, Miss Jeannie,
The fastest of any I know;
While others jog on in life's journey,
'Tis always by *leaps* that you go.*

You're a slow young lady, Miss Jeannie,
And don't keep abreast of your peers;
Your birthdays, they come round but seldom,
But theirs are as many as years.

You're a happy young lady, Miss Jeannie,
Your advent, it ushered in spring;
And your footsteps, wherever they lead you,
May they roses and amaranths bring!

* Her birthday occurring only in a *leap year*.

A Morning Thought

NOTE.—*Though I have often experienced the phenomenon below described, on this occasion the thaumatrope was unusually active.*

LAST night I laid me down and courted
sleep;
The lamp of conscious thought still burned awhile,
Though sense, the world shut out, supplied no oil.
My ego, like a child that's sent to bed,

Long struggled to resist oblivion;
And sought, by casting shadows on the screen
Of eye's dark chamber, to detain a space,
Impressions of the parting day.

Not memory alone—that play of images,
Nor yet the work of voluntary thought;
The trembling humours shed their iris-hues,
And fancy wove them into tapestry;

As bright-plumed cavaliers in glowing coals,
Or castles turret-crowned are seen in clouds.
But paler grew each face, more dim each scene,
Till thought's faint ray was quenched, and all
was dark.

At length the wand, that waked old Memnon's
stone
To music sweet, fell on my drowséd lids;
My thought took wing and brought a world to view.
Thus will the light of life's last evening fade,
And sunrise on another world shall dawn.

My Angel Bird

NOTE.—*The following lines express the answer given to a question of the writer by a lady, who, after suffering from mental depression for eight years, was restored to health by a sudden outburst of emotion. The incident referred to is strictly true. The lady was a poet, and the author of a volume of poetry, besides many fugitive pieces.*

YOU ask me why with tender care
I keep this lifeless bird ?*
Come, listen to the tale I tell,
And say if I have erred.

A spell had fallen on my soul
That made me drear and lone,
Like her who saw the fountains play,
Though petrified to stone.†

* The stuffed bird was perched over the head of her bed, where his cage had hung.

† The petrified lady in *Arabian Nights*.

My mental eye was unobscured,
But sympathy was dead ;
A suff'ring cry no pity woke,—
My heart was cased in lead.

Nor flower nor bird-song pleasure brought ;
Nor faith nor hope, relief ;
For Heaven itself was quite withdrawn,
And naught remained but grief.

A storm was sweeping through the trees,
When coming home one day,
Just in the path before my feet
A helpless birdling lay.

With impulse to myself unknown,
I caught it to my breast ;
I warmed it, fed it, cherished it,
And tenderly caressed.

He grew to beauty in my sight,
And made my days less long ;
He listened for my coming steps,
And waked me with his song.

One day returning from a walk,
I found him on the floor ;
I caught him to my breast again,
But naught could life restore.

A sudden tide of feeling rose,
From heart to aching head,
And gushed in streams from both my eyes,
Which long no tear had shed.

The spell dissolved—my heart revived—
I called the world my own;
Like him, who, from a grazing beast,
Was raised to Babel's throne.

I blessed the bird that brought me life,
Whose wing the waters stirred; *
And when I wake in Paradise,
I'll find my Angel Bird.

* An angel went down and troubled the water. (St. John 5, 4).

The Sarigue*

FROM THE FRENCH OF FLORIAN

WHERE torrid suns in rich Peru
Impart to flowers their brilliant hue,
A little child, at close of day,
Into a garden went to play.

What's that—a hare or fox, he cried,
Retreating to his mother's side;
Which leads its young with steps so sly,
And watches them with anxious eye?

It is, she said, nor fox nor hare—
True emblem of maternal care;
Make but a noise to cause alarm,
And see her shield her young from harm.

The eager child now claps his hands—
Erect the watchful sarigue stands;
And, startled by her warning cry,
The young sarigues around her hie.

*A South American opossum, with a pouch like a kangaroo.

Each seeks the shelter she provides,
And in its mother's bosom hides—
She for her helpless young ones cares—
And to the woods her treasure bears.

Let this, my child, a lesson prove,
To trust in need your mother's love.

In future years, should storms assail,—
Should hopes deceive and friends all fail,
Then homeward turn a trustful eye,
And to your mother's bosom fly.

L'Envoi of the Lusiad

ADDRESSED TO THE KING

FROM THE PORTUGUESE OF CAMOENS.

NOTE.—*The Lusiad is preeminently the Epic of the opening of the East. For an account of it and its hapless Author, see Hanlin Papers, Second Series.*

TO every clime thy willing subjects go,—
Their zeal, their courage, let their King behold ;
Thro' fire, thro' water, and thro' snow,
As bulls in patience, and as lions bold,
No weariness or fear they ever know.
Unlike the common herd that's bought and sold,
For God and King they wage a glorious war,
With Pagan and with Moor in lands afar.

A wanderer I've been in every zone ;
To palace halls my face a stranger long,—
My very name perchance to Thee unknown.
Rude is my speech, and humble is my song ;
Yet sage by sad experience I've grown—
And praise is welcome from an infant's tongue.
How true my genius, in these pages see
Two things but rarely joined combine in me—

A body formed in arms to serve my King ;
A mind by studious discipline well trained,
And by the sacred Muse inspired to sing.
If access to the Royal Court be gained,
And Thou content accept my offering,
In such high strains my Muse shall sing of thee
That all the world shall Alexander see ;
Nor of Achilles shall he envious be.

The Time Piece

FROM THE GERMAN OF GABRIEL SEIDL

NOTE.—*Mrs. Stuhlmann called one morning to request me to undertake this task. To her, therefore, I dedicate the result.*

A WONDERFUL time-piece I carry
About me wherever I go;
As time and tide never tarry,
It beats neither fast nor slow.

'Twas made by a cunning master,
Who wisely adjusted its springs
That it goes neither slower nor faster
Though I wish it had weights or wings.

I've wished it a swifter motion,
Impatient to brook delay;
I've wished it a sleeping potion,
To beguile my cares away.

In every pleasure or sorrow,
In storm or in sweet repose,
It measures to-day and to-morrow,
Nor faster nor slower it goes.

It beat at the grave of my Mother,
It beat by the bier of my Friend,
It beat when I promised another
A love that never would end.

It beat at the birth of my baby ;—
God grant it continue to beat,
Till I see her, as happy as may be,
Unfolding in beauty complete !

If sometimes exhausted I find it,
As though it would beat never more :
Another may skilfully wind it,
And strength to its spring restore.

But ah ! should it cease altogether,
And come to the end of its chain,
The Maker alone, and no other,
Can set it in motion again.

THE SUMMER PALACE AND KWENMING LAKE

Away beyond the horizon,
He dwells in a tent of blue,
'Tis He that my hope relies on
To make it all good and new.

Thus when its long service is ended,
Tho' my time-piece shall beat here no more,
By the Maker refitted and mended,
'Twill beat on yon further shore.

The Voice of Creation

FROM THE GERMAN OF GELLERT*

(Wenn ich o Schöpfer deine Macht u. s. w.)

ALMIGHTY God, where e'er I gaze,
The products of thy power,
The matchless wisdom of Thy ways,
The love that guards us every hour;
So rush on my bewildered mind
That language fit I cannot find,
To praise my God and Father.

Mine eye beholds, where e'er it turns,
The wonders of Thy might,
The firmament of ether burns
And praises Thee, the God of Light,
Who gave the sun his fiery blaze,
And clothed the moon with silvery rays,
And ordered all the glowing stars.

* This version dates from 1818. The measure is that of the original.

Who bids the gentle breezes blow,
And clouds their showers pour,
To make the plenteous harvest grow,
And bless us with its store.
Almighty and All glorious God,
Thy boundless goodness spreads abroad—
As far as Heaven extends.

With voice sublime, sunbeams and storms
Declare Thy glorious name,
And grains of sand and tiny worms
Are vocal with Thy fame.
"Me," saith the forest, "God hath made,"
"Me," saith the field in gold arrayed,
"Come, praise our Maker's name."

But man,—erect in majesty,
The image of thine own,
Whose spirit lives and moves in Thee
And bows before Thy throne,
But man,—creation's boast and lord,
Must still the brightest proof afford
Of might and mercy too.

Then praise thy Sovereign, O my soul,
And give Him glory due,
Thy God with worship high extol,
And all the world extol Him too.
And all the world adore its King,
And everlasting praises bring,—
Who would not praise the Lord?

The Minstrel

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE

"HARK! Hark! a voice of music sweet
Floats upward from the dusty street;
Haste, boy, the gifted singer bring,
For in our presence he shall sing."

So spake the King, then ran his page
And found a minstrel grey with age.
Before the throne the aged man
His ballad unabashed began:

"Hail King, hail knights, hail ladies fair,
This hall may well with heaven compare;
Cold stars illume the skies above,
But this is lit with lamps of love.

Forgive, if to these glories blind
We glories past recall to mind."
He shuts his eyes, he sweeps the strings,
And, rapt, a tragic story sings.

The knights are fired with courage high—
The ladies melt in ecstacy ;
The King, delighted with the strain,
Commands for him a golden chain.

" Nay, Sire ; bestow no chain on me,
But let my spirit still be free.
Perhaps your Chancellor of State
Might walk beneath its golden weight :

I warble like the feathered choir,
Nor gold nor silver I desire ;
For tho' through life I've hardly fared,
My song is still its own reward."

馬失翁賽

Reflections of a Fallen Statesman.

NOTE.—*The Grand Secretary Pao Yun was a member of Prince Kung's ministry, and fell with him on the outbreak of war with France in 1884.*

THROUGH life as in a pleasing dream,
Unconscious of my years,
In Fortune's smiles to bask I seem—
Perennial spring appears.

Alas! Leviathan to take *
Defies the fisher's art;
From dreams of glory I awake,
My youth and power depart.

That loss is often gain's disguise †
May us for loss console;
My fellow sufferers take advice,
And keep your reason whole. ‡

* Job 41, 1. Canst thou draw out leviathan with a fish-hook? (The Chinese word is *ao*, or *ngao*).

† Allusion to a philosopher who, when condoled with on the loss of his horse, replied that the loss of it might for all he knew be a piece of good fortune.

‡ Alluding to one who, in addition to other losses, lost his reason.

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